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The Magazine
of the
Bush Club

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1919

WALKS AND TALKS

Twenty-first Birthday Issue

The Magazine
Of

THE BUSH CLUB

The Twenty-first Birthday edition of Walks and Talks is almost entirely a "looking back" to the early days of the Club - and the present members and committee are very pleased to hear from the Foundation members, and to welcome some of them at the celebration dinner.

I am sure that the founders of the club could hardly conceive how much pleasure they have generated, by starting the Bush Club with its basic idea of tolerance. We have members drawn from all walks of life - from totally different back grounds, from different races, countries and religions, and what is more, different age groups. We like it. We all give each something and we all gain something. (I do not mean billy lids either). We all share good days, good camps, and sometimes we share bad days and bad camps.

We get washed out, we get heat waves, we get troubles. We share them and they dissolve, and we are richer for the experience. It is always the most trying experiences that are spoken of with the most affection. Occasionally circumstances have forced some of us to undergo a bit of an endurance test. No one ever grizzles or complains - no one ever gets "fed up" (what an expression').

That beautiful verse of Dorothea Mackellar's could well be our theme song:

"I love a sunburnt country, a land of sweeping plains,"
"Of ragged mountain ranges, of droughts and flooding rains".
"I love her far horizons, I love her jewel-sea",
"Her beauty and her terror, the wide brown land for me."

I think we are exceedingly lucky to live in Sydney. We get a variety of day walks and a variety of camps, in good walking and camping country. Lots of other cities cannot provide anything like the scope, and lots of other countries cannot provide the gum tree - the campers friend.

Yes, the gum tree is taken for granted, but try doing without it, and see how you miss it, and the same might be said for Albert. He has been our faithful Walks Secretary for several years, and what a task it is. The train schedules and time tables would drive me frantic, a long a irritating effort that has to be checked with a railway official, and the NSWGR often change them all as soon as the schedule is printed!! That is endurance.

On a recent Sunday walk, we had twenty-four, and the following week-end we had nine on a camp and sixteen came on the day walk, making twenty-five in all. The Club is flourishing in its quiet happy and tolerant way.

By the way there are some very good camps coming up during the Spring and early summer, as well as walks - so look forward, as well as back.

Nance Stillman,
Hon-Ed.

THE BUSH CLUB.

Hon-Secretary's Report - Year ended 13/8/60.

The President's Report, which has been circulated, has not left many gaps to be filled in by me.

Ten new members have joined during the year (six males and four females), but we have lost some, including two who returned to their homes overseas. We were very pleased to welcome back Peter Bedford who returned home after many adventures overseas. The membership now stands at seventy.

All walks have been well attended, the average for day walks being ten and for camps eight. The car trips continue to be popular and make it possible for some who don't usually camp, to have a weekend in the bush. The best attended one was to Clarence House, a very comfortable cottage let to us by Mr. Byles at a nominal charge, and we were able to do some exploring in that area (Lithgow district) which was new to most of us. Other new areas were in the Wombeyan Caves district and the Upper Colo River

Early this year the Social Committee lost the services of Jenny Stillman, who was transferred to teach at Bogan Gate, and her place was filled by Hazel Wytch. Otherwise there were no changes in the Committee during the year.

Our Club was represented by several members at both the Federation Reunion Camp at Long Angle Gully in April, and the Search and Rescue Demonstration weekend on the Colo River in February.

Federation delegates attend meeting regularly. The Club is proud to have two of our members on the Committee of Federation - Mr. Gordon Robinson, who served a term as Publicity Officer and is now on the Conservation Committee, and Max Rosentool who has taken over the exacting job of Secretary.

"Walks and Talks" continues to come out quarterly with Nance Stillman as Editor, and is usually full of interesting articles and comments.

The Club is about to celebrate its 21st. Birthday and will be looking back with some pride on its years of growth. Now we are looking forward to many more years of enjoying and preserving the beauties of the bush.

Flora Graham
Hon-Secretary 13/8/60.

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Mr. Wally McGrath, our out-going President, has been a Committee member of the Bush Club for the past seven years continuously, and President for the last two.

A week before the Club celebrates its twenty-first anniversary, Wally embarks for his second trip to India - to have another close look at the Himalayas. We will miss him very much at this very important ceremony - and all extend a hearty vote of thanks for his long Committee service and wish him a very happy and successful trip.

As he is a very competent photographer, no doubt he will have some good slides to show us on his return.

HISTORY OF THE BUSH CLUB EARLY DAYS

(Written for the TENTH Anniversary of the Club, 19/9/49)
... by Marie Byles.

Just about the beginning of the Second World War, Paddy (Pallin) and I were yarning to each other over paddy's counter, when he said to me, or I said to him, "There ought to be a club which does not insist upon camping as part of its activities, and which admits to membership all people who are genuinely interested in the bush, nature study and that sort of thing; and it ought to include rock-climbing, boating, walking with children, even with motoring combined, and all sorts of bush interests". Then I said to Paddy, or Paddy said to me, "Let's start such a club", and the other said "Right". And that was how the Bush Club started. Its first meeting was on the 19th September 1939.

We made its constitution as simple and flexible as we possibly could, and we also made it its very basis, that there should be no physical test for membership, so that no genuine bush-lover would ever be excluded.

It so happened that some of our early members were eminent rock climbers and skiers from Europe, who would have passed any physical tests. We also took over some of the members of what had derisively called itself the H.H.Club, which was short for Highbrow Hikers. This Club had had among its members many eminent university degrees, but also one or two who were rather amateurish when it came to bush craft, and that was why it had called itself Highbrow Hikers. However, those of its members who became members of the new Bush Club. soon became very good bush men and women, if they had not been so before.

Thus the first tradition of the Bush Club was that its members were really truly bush lovers and not merely people who wanted to dash through the bush quicker than anyone else, without time to look at things. Its early walks were often led by people who were able to give information about the fauna and flora of the bush, and it has had several scientists among its members, who really do know something about the flowers, animals, insects or rocks.

The second tradition which grew up was that the Bush Club was cosmopolitan in its membership, and always ready to hold out the hand of international good will. This came about because, as the war increased in horror, all foreigners fell under suspicion, and eventually were forbidden to leave their homes overnight. This meant that camping was out of the question, and the Bush Club, which did not insist upon camping, was the only one able to welcome such people to its ranks. Thus the Bush Club has the proud distinction of never letting a narrow patriotism interfere with the friendship of bush-lovers.

The Club took a room in Hunter Street where it met monthly. Then something happened, I've forgotten what, and it had to give up the city meeting place. It was then it took to meeting in the homes of members, and so established the friendly idea that the Bush Club was one family.

Older members may be sad that the Club has grown so large it cannot easily be accommodated in anyone's house nowadays. Change and growth are inevitable, but this is no reason what the old traditions should not continue. The Bush Club is still one of the leading clubs in conservation matters. There is never any doubt as to what the Bush Club will decide when it is a matter of supporting some conservation project.

At one time the Bush Club mapped the area needed for recreation in the Kuringai and Eastwood municipalities, and its work now figures on the Cumberland County Council's plan. No one has ever appealed to it in vain for support in any movement for preservation of Bush lands. It has also been a Club beyond reproach in the matter of Bush etiquette. Bush Club members never leave their camp sites untidy. They always burn, bash and bury all their rubbish and their tins, and hide their bottles as they would their sins. Of course they always put out their camp fires with water, even on a wet day. Their members have done some spectacular rock climbing, as for instance the Spires of Kanangra, but they have not taken part in any Marathon races, and I hope they never will.

The tradition of the Bush Club is that of genuine love of the bush, the desire to protect it, and willingness always to extend the hand of friendship to any bush-lover, regardless of race, colour, sex, religion or politics.

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HALF A CENTURY OF BUSHWALKING MILESTONES

(49 Years to be exact, but "Half a century" sounds better.)

Written for the TWENTY-FIRST Anniversary of the Club 19/9/60
... by Marie Byles

A short time ago one of my brothers and I were driving from Mount Wilson via Bowens Creek to Kurrajong, and exchanging reminiscences of when we were small children and our parents took us that way to Richmond. There were then only rough tracks, and we crossed Bowens Creek by straddling a log, and my brother had to wear his carpet slippers because his boots hurt. This was one of the annual winter holidays from 1911 onwards (the year we came to Australia) spent in exploring the Blue Mountains in the days when no one else "tramped". (The term "bush-walking" had not been invented then). Non one else, except of course Harry Whitehouse, whom we called "Cottage" for short. True, Cottage once took Bert Evatt, the present Chief Justice, across the Cox to Jenolan, but apparently Bert did not appreciate it, for he did NOT add himself to the ranks of the trampers.

Then came the first camping trip. It was to Mt. Hay, and Cottage lent us a lean-to shelter. After that I dragged my unsuspecting Varsity girl friends on many camping trips, without either tents or lean-to's. But Nature protects those that trust her, and only once did it rain. It was on one of these trips that Maitland Bay was discovered, and we left our skirts near a sandhill and could not find them. Horrors! Imagine travelling home in bloomers! St. Anthony waved us!!

At last in 1927 the Sydney Bush Walkers came into existence, and with them the term "bush-walking". I did not join this Club at once, for I was just off for a year's travelling round the world "by cargo boat and mountain". When later I did join, I was a little shocked at the sissy interest in food evinced by these "bush-walkers". The hardy "trampers" of the old countries took sandwiches in their pockets, and drank cold water, but in this effeminate land the chief interest seemed to be in cooking!

The next great milestone in bushwalking was Paddy Pallin who lost his job during the depression and started making tents and camp gear on the Singer sewing machine in his drawing room. With the advent of tents, the good luck in the matter of weather departed, and many were the rainy trips, especially two virgin peak exploration trips in New Zealand during the depression years. In 1938 a virgin peak 20,000 feet high in Western China called, but although we were a proper expedition, and got a rebate on the mountaineering gear in consequence, the peak retained its virgin purity, and I returned nearly broken-hearted - but not too broken hearted to inveigle bushwalkers to turn out in scores for working bees at Maitland Bay, now Bouddi Natural Park.

Then Paddy and I decided there ought to be a club which did not insist upon camping as a qualification for membership, and so it was that the Bush Club came into existence, more or less at the same time as the war broke out. Very soon Paddy found his spare time taken up with war work, and I was left to bring up the infant of our joint creation. I could lead its walks all right, but I was not too good at social evenings. However, we struggled on.

In 1942 came for me a tragic milestone, a foot operation which ended all serious bushwalking for ever. These tragedies are fated. When we are passionately attached to something it seems that we must lose it, if we are not to stagnate on life's pilgrimage.

The last milestone in bushwalking has been the invention of the motor car, and now-a-days bushwalkers go "bushwalking on wheels". This is what I heard at a meeting of one of the bushwalking clubs after the leader had given details of his trip. "Now, who will arrange transport?" Silence. "What, can no one arrange transport?" Still silence. "Walk in cancelled!"

Of course the world has been going to the dogs since the days history commenced - but never before were there transistors in the bush to drown the song of the birds and the music of the waves. This time I think it may really reach the dogs!!!

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EARLY TIMES IN THE BUSH CLUB

...By Eckhart Hill.

I remember distinctly two meetings, one an informal one in the back room of Paddy's shop in George Street, with Beryl Carne, Hannah Lemberg and Paddy, to discuss some details about the first meeting which was held in the studio of Rona Barnes - a New Zealand girl who was one of the early members - in Hunter Street. This meeting was attended by, I should say, thirty or more people. While I cannot recollect many details, and I realise our earliest records have been lost, I do remember that I was elected Walks Secretary, and I held this job until the Club had to reduce its activities due to the war, and the Secretaryship was combined with the Walk Secretaryship, which I then held until I left Sydney for a few months early in 1946, when Beryl took over and carried on the job for a number of years.

In the early days of course, not all members were used to walking. A few who joined the club then had been members of the H.H. (it stood for Highbrow Hikers) which apparently had not been successful. There were many Clubs in Sydney then, but the idea was to found a club which would cater for any sort of walker, so that a family could join as a unit, finding easy walks for the not-so-energetic women folk, hard long walks for those who wanted them and perhaps fixed camps where one could go with the whole family. The leaders in the beginning mostly came from other Clubs, and were people who supported the Bush Club. Some of them joined it, some only led walks, which I think was very good of them. I remember quite a number of their names - some from the Sydney Bush Walkers as well as other Clubs.

There were many very memorable activities. At Easter 1940 the weather was hot and dry and bush fires were burning, and we had a trip to Couridjah to walk down the Little River to the Nattai to explore the plateau on the other side. The party was large and the progress was slow and we did not get as far as planned. We camped along the river bank and the leader, Rudi Lemberg, using a tomahawk to sharpen a tent post - with my present experience I cannot think why! - hit his leg, and the next morning we set out without him. His wife and myself were the only members of a previous party who had found a track up to the plateau on the opposite side.

There was a dispute as to where we had to go, but finally we got to the top, and one of the party remembered she had left her camera behind, so we waited for her to go to the bottom again and get it, and then we decided to split up. Our idea had been to walk along the plateau as far as we could, then walk down on a track which was faintly marked on the Blue Gum Tourist map - no military maps then being available - and meet the other party at the bottom. They were to amble up the valley, and it was intended that they would provide us with the evening meal, - which sounded very good.

We carried some water and when we split up, only one other member and myself kept walking on. As a fairly new chum in the bush I wore sandals on the "advice of many people", but for one reason or another, the soles started to detach themselves from the shoes. Sticking plaster did some good work, but I still got stones in the shoes and the going was not easy. Somehow we kept going. It got later and darker and we went down along a creek-bed, where I saw my first wombat. Incidentally I don't think we could have got up at the place we went down. There was a water hole in the Nattai, so off with our shoes and sox to have a wash. When I put one foot in the water I quickly withdrew it, and on closer inspection found that a blister covered the whole foot, and it was rather tender. There was no sign of the other party, so we rested a while and then made our way back towards their camp. Needless to say I did not walk the next day. We decided to return most of the way during the cool hours of the night. We slept a little during the day, and on Easter Monday we walked back to Couridjah. The water bottles in the train were soon empty. Bush fires were still burning along the Little River.

Marie Byles used to say "Oh! You mean that terrible walk which everyone enjoyed". Of course in retrospect these walks appear all very pleasant. I remember one member of the party, Bill Lockwood, who wore white shorts at the beginning of the walk, and from the amount of dirt on the shorts, he caimed to be able to count the miles he had covered. That is only one event that stands out in my memory.

There are other members, for instance Mr. Reid, who had walked for about 50 years, used to go bushwalking from Narrabeen to Ryde. He also remembered the day when he could not swim at Coogee in the daytime and had to wait for darkness.

Times have changed. I went exploring in French's Forest in the days when it was still bush. There were some nice walks, one from Pymble to Narrabeen, but that too has been built out.

Time moves on and I am sorry that I cannot be more active at the present time. I hope this year might be the last year of my studies, and that I may be able to enjoy a few walks with you again next yer - and perhaps renew a few friendships and make new ones. There are other things worthwhile remembering, walks in rain and mist, leaving Kanangra Walls at 4 am, catching the service car in the late afternoon from Jenolan Caves, which incidentally broke down, so that we arrived home after mid-night. Decks Creek in pouring rain and mist, and two years previousy, the Cox's River in flood and we not game to cross it.

If you have done a walk one year, it does not say that the walk will be the same a year or two later. It may be entirely different. I have seen even Corral Swamp without water, and I have seen Narrow Neck water-logged from end to end. Changes take place. One of the easiest Easter walks I ever did was from Katoomba to Bimlo. I think the biggest climb during the walk was across Policeman Ranges, and then down, down and down. The ideal walk for a lazy week-end.

I do not like to look back so far, as it reminds me that I am a foundation member of the Club, which gives my age away, but of course that cannot be helped. There are not many early members left who still go on walks, some have passed on, and that reminds us that while we enjoy life, we should make the best of it, and perhaps get others to share in what we enjoy.

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AN APPRECIATION

--- from Beryl McLean.

With the 21st birthday of the Club drawing nearer, it makes me realise how much we owe to our Founders, Miss Marie Byles and Mr. Paddy Pallin, for without their striving and seeing the need for such a club as ours, we would not be celebrating a 21st. Birthday this year.

Many walks have come and gone since those days, but the keenness and enthusiasm still remains, in spite of the fact that some of the walks they enjoyed no longer exist. Instead, there are streets and rows of houses, not a sign of the bush. However, I expect we have to give way to that work "progress".

In front of me is a schedule printed in 1940 and I notice it bears the familiar names of places known to us all - Waterfall, Cowan, Mt. Kuringai, Katoomba, Blackheath, and what's this, a working bee to be held at Blue Gum Forest to restore damage done by flood waters, also a combined walk held with the Rucksack Club, and many other names and walks equally well known to us all. At the foot of the schedule there is a note requesting leaders to hand in a written report to the Walk's Secretary, a splendid idea, and one which I think we should continue.

In those earlier days the Social Programme was printed on the schedule, and on this particular one the social side included "Songs of the Air", "Walks near and far" "Folk Songs in various Countries" and a debate. Later, other delightful gatherings took place in the homes of the members, before we grew too big to be accomodated in the private homes.

Do any of us forget that wonderful get-together spirit, the friendliness which exists whether it be on a walk or a camp? I am sure we do not. In mentioning camps, I shall never forget the first

Federation camp I attended. It was one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed. We arrived early at the camping area and were greeted by the President of the Federation and invited to pick our own camp site. We were soon busy erecting our tents, and in no time had our fires going for the evening meal. Then we watched the other bushwalkers arrive, each with that friendly "Hullo" and "What Club do you belong to?", as they moved to their camp sites. By nightfall there were some 200 campers gathered together, and as you can well imagine, it was a lovely sight to see the tents up, fires going, everyone busy cooking, and to hear the chatter and laughter echoing through the bush. Later, round the big camp fire we enjoyed community singing, and items and skits put on by various talented bushwalkers. A supper of cocoa and cake followed, and we mingled with the other bushwalkers. What a grand time it was, and to-day that wonderful feeling of comradeship still exists throughout the bushwalking world, whether it be on a walk or a camp.

I now end my Club reminiscences, feeling proud to belong to the Bush Club, and may it enjoy more birthdays and continue to flourish.

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NATIONAL PARK

Sent in by Dorothy Bryant.
Some information taken from the "Official Guide" published in 1902.

Sir John Robertson, acting head of the Government in 1879, first conceived and developed the idea of bequeathing to the people of NSW, a national domain for rest and recreation. The area chosen was 18,000 acres south of Port Hacking, being parts of the parishes of Sutherland, Heathcote and Bulgo, and the Crown Lands within the parish of Wattamolla.

On April 20th., 1879, the reserve was dedicated as a National Park, and a Trust Board appointed on the same day, with Sir John Robertson as Chairman of Trustees. Due to his efforts in August 1880 the boundaries of the National Park were extended to cover 36,300 acres.

The first work camp was pitched on the banks of Port Hacking River high above flood-water level, and called "Audley" in honour of Licenses-Surveyor, Lord Audley, who in 1864 accurately surveyed the stream.

"For situation, the National Park is so highly favoured that in the not so far distant future it will stand as a beautiful reserve, possessing undisturbed, the best of its natural grandeur in the midst of a dense population settled on both sides of the railway line, extending from the Metropolis to the furthestmost limits of the famed Illawarra district".

Bushwalkers appreciate and are deeply grateful for the foresight of the public spirited men who made such a reserve possible, but, I wonder, do the hordes of "litter-happy" picknickers or careless motorists using the carefully planned Park roads as speedways, ever give a thought to this heritage which has been secured for them.

To the BUSH CLUB - from Ellen Schlesinger-Mautner

Maybe I have been born with a rucksack. At least I don't remember when my parents took me with them for the first time. Later I continued with a circle of friends. From childhood on hiking was part of my life. The term "bushwalking" can hardly be applied to the surroundings of my native town, Hamburg, -heath, forests, river scenery, fields and meadows - or to the scenery in the other countries where I lived for short periods. It was all "clean clothes" walks.

My first walk in Australia, about 1940, left me a little bewildered. The deep green bush with shrubs and undergrowth, ridges and gullies, creeks, rocks and caves. I soon realized that not only the landscape differed from all I had known before, but that another momentum came in; here in Australia we were not walking on long established routes. We were in the pioneering and exploring stage, with a number of pioneers right in our midst.

I can throw spotlights on a few only. Anice Duncan, after whom Anice Falls near Audley was named in 1920, was the Bush Club President in 1944. I also met Winifred Chardon (Winifred Falls).

Blue Gum Forest had been saved from a grazier's destruction only a few years before by a concerted effort of bushwalkers, and the story of how Miles Dunphy, the explorer of Kanangra Walls, and his wife wheeled their baby Miles Kanangra, in a specially prepared pram, from Oberon to the Walls, belonged to all camp fire chats.

At the King's Birthday weekend in 1928, Frank Duncan was the first "white man" (as Miles Dunphy put it) to search for and find a descent from Clear Hill, the end of Narrow Neck, to the Cox River. Duncan's Pass is now a frequented route. The Duncans were newcomers to Australia and in an article in the Sydney Bushwalker Annual 1934, where Frank described his exploring trip, he remarked wistfully "in other countries people make first ascents. In Australia which is a topsy-turvy country, we make first descents instead". The Duncans were members of the Bush Club for several years, and now they hear of the club's further development and activities through Frank's sister, Phyllis Goulding.

Frank's party descended twice from Clear Hill at the same weekend, and then lunched near Carlon's farm. The Carlons had never seen bushwalkers before and were highly amused about women in shorts. They became quite familiar with this species in course of time, I should say.

We often had guest leaders who led us to their special spots. I cannot recall the name of the Mosman resident who first took us to the Natural Bridge in French's Forest. We could not trace him later, so, one day about 1949 Eckhart Hill and I set out with very scanty information to re-discover the place. We roamed through the bush all day long, up-hill and down-hill, and were just about to give up, when, like magic, the bridge was right in front of us. We just stood and grinned at each other. How often have we had the Natural Bridge on the schedule since! How many photos of this phenomenon have been taken by our members!

Paddy Pallin's contributions in pioneering and in leading Bush Club parties in the early years, of course, have been numerous.

Bouddi and Maitland Bay were among the most recent additions to bushwalking country. In 1922 Marie Byles, the founder of our Club, and three other girls "struck into those unknown hills". If we think of the many walks and camps we have enjoyed in the outstanding beauty of this area, we can hardly believe how persistently Marie had to fight, until Bouddi Natural Park was made a reserve. I have in my hands just now a seven feet long "Deed of Maitland Bay" on which several "hard-

bitten, mosquito-invested" bushwalkers jokingly proclaimed that Marie could have the whole place with its surfless beaches, scarcity of drinking water and camp sites, all for herself.

By 1939, however, the original dedication was achieved added to in 1940 and 1954. A memorial tablet for C. D'Arcy Roberts, one of the most ardent workers for the area, who lost his life in the war, was fastened by Bush Club members at Bullimah Outlook (about halfway between Killcare and Maitland Bay) and unveiled in 1948.

At that time the Bush Club attended several working bees in the area. Other clubs also showed great enthusiasm - and 150 workers get something done! The campfire concert at Sandy Beach was delightful. On the way back, we had a ferry to ourselves, and 90 reserved seats in the train. Now attention has shifted more from the beaches in the Park, to Maitland Bay. Our member, Margaret Philips, the daughter of the last survivor of the "Maitland", can give us interesting accounts of the Maitland catastrophe.

Young though the Club was, it soon had its share in work for general benefit. Just after the war we mapped and suggested areas for recreation in the Kurin-gai and Eastwood municipalities for the Cumberland Council's plan. It was quite a sacrifice to fulfil this job. We had only one walk every month, and had to forego a whole summer's swimming opportunities.

We can also look back with pride on another type of working bee. A Sister who owned a property "Caramar" at Bridge Road, Blaxland, intended to establish a camp for crippled children on her land. In November 1948 Marie Byles organised a Bush Club camp on this spot. A note in the schedule read "Part of the time spent in working bee at crippled children's home". I can report that we spent all the time clearing and making tracks and levelling a camping area. Our boys shifted some very heavy rocks. Two more camps, in July and October 1949, followed, and even our day walkers, who joined us on Sunday morning expecting a pleasant spring walk, became so enthusiastic that they did not leave the camp site at all. Reserved seats in the train made us feel very important.

These were a few glimpses into past adventures. They will surely be followed by various future achievements.

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Lack of space makes it impossible to print a full list of all Committee members and delegates since the Club started - so only the main ones have been given. The Social Secretary's job has been filled by various braves, and Eckhart was the Walks Secretary for many years, besides being a Committee member.

Up to date I have not been able to discover where the absolutely first outing was to, who led it or who went - and the same applies to the very first camp.

Ed.

To the BUSH CLUB --- from Paddy Pallin

Twenty-one years old! It is a life time to many of you young folks - yet it doesn't seem long ago that Marie Byles and I had a little talk about Clubs. We agreed that there was a tendency to judge the quality of a club by the toughness of the walks on its programme.

Toughness is a valuable ingredient in walking, but it is by no means the beginning and the end of it. We felt there should be a club whose members could, without bringing disgrace on the organization, linger by the way and absorb the loveliness of the bush, admire the flowers, exclaim at the delicate hues of rain washed bark and enjoy the grandeur of the majestic ranges, whilst munching an apple on some lofty pinnacle.

The formula we worked at was that a club be formed that placed no physical condition on the admission of members.

Soon a healthy young club was started. I would dearly love to say that I worked hard in those days to get the club on its feet, but the brutal truth is that I did very little to assist the Bush Club - I didn't need to. It was a healthy youngster from the start. Nevertheless I have watched the club over the years with - shall we say a fatherly eye - and I have been very pleased with my small part in it. The Club has been a useful one since its inception. True it has had internal stresses and strains and the inevitable clash of personalities. Nevertheless it has kept on keeping on and its members have kept walking in the bush.

The club has not merely looked after its own members, but has taken a responsible share of Federation work. There has always been a response from the Bush Club to a call for officers for the Federation, and there has seldom been a time when at least one member of the Club was not doing some Federation job or other.

I am sorry I shall not be at the Birthday dinner, as I shall be at Mount Hotham skiing - so let me finish with a sincere wish that the Club will tramp serenely on its way, keeping its very own personality, and will for many years to come, provide opportunities for young and old to enjoy our heritage of the outdoors.

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THE BUSH CLUB.

This Club was formed in answer to the insistant demand by those who wished to walk and camp in the bush and yet not submit to the tests laid down by the majority of other clubs.

At the initial meeting of the club on 19th September, 1939, the main articles of the constitution laid down that the club should not demand any physical standard of membership, but should encourage study by members of all aspects of bush lore.

A feature of the Club's programme, is that the majority of the leaders of walks do not belong to the club. The leader is generally conversant with one of the many interesting sides of bush work, such as flowers, trees, birds, history, rock carvings etc.

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The above memo and the list of office bearers kindly supplied by Beryl McLean.

CHIEF OFFICE BEARERS OF THE BUSH CLUB

YEAR	PRESIDENT	VICE PRESIDENTS	HON SEC.	TREASURER
1939	F.A. Pallin Chairman	W.F. Redi M. Byles	Miss Carne	M. Byles
1940	M R Lemberg	F.A. Pallin F A Pallin W F Redi	Miss Carne	M. Souhami
1941	M. Byles	M R Lemberg M Souhami	Miss Gilbert	M Souhami
1942	M Byles	Mrs Taylor M R Lemberg	Miss Gilbert	M Souhami
1943	M Byles	F A Pallin Mrs Taylor	Miss Gilbert	M Souhami
1944	Mrs Duncan	M Byles F A Pallin	E W Heilpern	M Souhami
1945	O Wyndham	Miss Byles F A Pallin	E W Heilpern	M Souhami
1946	F. Ford	E. Mautner M Byles	B. McLean	Mrs Speigal
1947	J de Freitas	E Mautner Mrs Wilson	B McLean	Mrs Speigal
1948	J de Freitas	M Byles E Mautner	B McLean	A Roehrich
1949	C. Chadwick	M Byles E W Heilpern	B McLean	J Duncan
1950	C. Chadwick	E W Heilpern G Thatcher	B McLean	J Ashburner
1951	C. Chadwick	E W Heilpern G Thatcher	B McLean	J Ashburner
1952	C. Chadwick	E McLerie E Mautner	B McLean	J Ashburner
1953	D. Bryant	E McLerie E Mautner	B McLean	J Ashburner
1954	E Cadzou	E Hill B McLean	S Moodie	M Rother
1955	E Cadzou	W McGrath M Rother	J Stevenson	M Clare
1956	D. Bryant	W McGrath G Robinson	E Mautner	M Clare
1957	D. Bryant	W McGrath G Robinson	E Mautner	A Sugarman
1958	W. McGrath	G Robinson H Graham	F Graham	A Sugarman
1959	W. McGrath	G Graham B McLean	F Graham	A Sugarman
1960	G. Robinson	H. Graham A Catford	F Graham	A Sugarman

WALKS AND TALKS.

The Bush Club quarterly magazine "Walks and Talks", was first edited and produced by Miss Janet Stevenson, the first copy being in April 1956. Its very first page was entitled "A word from the President" who at that time was Mr. Eric Cadzou. He points out that as the Club has a membership of less than fifty, it will be necessary for support from all for the magazine to be a success.

Looking through the back numbers I find many very interesting reports of trips - and a great deal to amuse and interest generally. I cannot help also admiring the beautifully neat and correct typing. When Janet left for foreign parts, she handed the magazine over to Helen Longton, who carried on for a time - and now I am doing the best I can, until Janet's return.